

But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Four legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to utter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Dost thou other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spooone.

Tri. *Stephano:* if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the sieg of this Moone-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the bark of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'd'st.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke: I'll be sworne.

Ste. Heere, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by the sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calf, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue seene thee in bet: and I doe adore thee: My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I aske of him? a very weake Monster: The Man ith' Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster: Well drawne Monster, in good footh.

Cal. He shew thee every fertill yench' oth Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. He kisse thy foot. He sweare my selfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scurvie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue; I'll beate him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of baseness are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske

Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but

The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is

Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remoue

Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,

Vpon a sore iniunction; my sweet Mistris

Weepes when she sees me worke, & faires, such basenes

Had neuer like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,

Most busie left, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. Alas, now pray you

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:

Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes

I will weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father

He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,

The Sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must striue to do.

Mir. If you'll sit downe

He beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,

He carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,

I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,

Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,

While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me

As well as it do's you; and I should do it

With much more ease: for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,

This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night: I do beseech you

Cheefely, that I might let it in my prayers,

What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,

I haue broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,

Indeepe the top of Admiration, worth

What's deere to the world: full many a Lady

I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent care: for seuerall vertues

Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any

VVith so full soule, but some defect in her

Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foile. But you, O you,

So perfect, and so peevish, are created

Of euerie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know

One of my sexe; no womans face remember

Saued from my glasse, mine owner: Nor haue I seene

More that I may call men, then you good friend,

And my deere Father: how features are abroad

I am skilless of; but by my modestie

(The iewel in my dower) I would not wish

Any Companion in the world but you:

Nor can imagination forme a shape

Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle

Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition

A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King

(I would not so) and would no more endure

This wooden slauerie, then to suffer

The flesh-illie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.

The verie instant that I saw you, did

My heart flie to your seruice, there resides:

To make me slave to it, and for your sake

Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witness to this sound,

And crowne what I profess with kinde euent

If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert

VVhat best is boaded me, to mischief: I

Beyond all limit of what else it's world

Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole

To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounte

Of two most rare affect

On that which breeds

Fer. VVherefore we

Mir. At mine vnwo

VVhat I desire to giue

VVhat I shall die to w

And all the more it seek

The bigger bulke it sh

And prompt me plaine

I am your wife, if you w

If not, Ile die your maid

You may denie me, but

VVether you will or n

Fer. My Mistris (de

And I thus humble en

Mir. My husband th

Fer. I, with a heart a

As bondage ere of freed

Mir. And mine, with

Till halfe an houre henc

Fer. A thousand, tho

Pro. So glad of this a

VVho are surpriz'd with

At nothing can be more

For yet ere supper time,

Much businesse appertai

Scen

Enter Caliban,

Ste. Tell not me, wh

water, not a drop before

em' Seruant Monster, d

Tri. Seruant Monst

say there's but five vpon

if th' other two be brain'

Ste. Drinke seru

eies are almost set in th

Tri. VVhere shoul

braue Monster indeede

Ste. My man-Monst

sacke: for my part the S

ere I could recover the

off and on, by this ligh

Monster, or my Standar

Tri. Your Lieutenan

Ste. VVee'l not run M

Tri. Nor go neither

say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calf, spe

a good Moone-calf.

Cal. How does thy ho

Ile not serue him, he is n

Tri. Thou liest most

to iustle a Constable: w

was there euer man a Co

Sacke as I to day? wilt

but halfe a Fish, and half

Cal. Loc, how he mo

Lord?